HOT TIPS ON FINANCE. Papa's Girl She Discovers the Delights of Running Vp a Big B II.

CHARGE THEM,

PLEASE

IM ON THE

o of Running Vp a Big B !!.

COME ON LET'S

GO SHOPPING .

YOU DON'T NEED

TO HAVE ANY S

CHARGE EM ALL TO MOTHER

this year of theatrical obsequies. There Her "art" is still was no "Please omit flowers" on this ing faces," like the in mild when he

was no "Please emit flowers" on this in mind when heavthing but sad occasion. At the end ing description ing grayly from

-it was she liveliest funeral in

Elfie Fay as Maggie Burns, the Belle

of Avenue A.

of the second act of "The Belle of Ave nue A' the funny Fay was all but buried in them. There were "floral

tributes" from the east side, west side

Word—"Looks as if I were dead" finements of life are lest but for all that she is 100 members of life are lest but for all that she is 100 members of life are lest but for all that she is 100 members of life are lest but for all that she is 100 members of life are lest but but less on the life life but less on the life but less

he Letters of an Insurance Man Abroad to His Son on Broadway.

By Roy L. McCardell.

Y DEAR BOY:
Yours of recent date to hand, and in reply would say that it is evident you forget 1 am your father

and imagine I'm a policy-nolder. It is true that I am far away from that man from Missouri, Hughes, and am leading the Yellow Dog Fund around with a string, but if you keep drawing on the no-ledger assets in this way poor old papa will have to start an insurance company here on the American plan.

I got a letter from Jimmy Hyde saying he expected to join me soon and that at present he is keeping away from New York, and that his favorite song is, "Them Cruel Words

Jimmy with his whiskers certainly got it handed to him hard, and yet the show he made of himself was a cheap production compared to what the McCalls and McCurdys did to the widows and orphans' benevolent fund.

Little did John McCall think when the moving ploture machine was set up in the private office in March, showing him signing checks for his old pal Andy, that those pictures would be burned and never be thrown on the screen at the little general agents' junkets or Nyllo banquets, .

You write and say you want to go into business. You lay low and keep your name out of the papers, that's what you do! Don't get peevish because you are not having a good time trying to have a good time. That's always the way. Your touching tale of walking wearily through the Waldorf before you got in a glided palace of chance later and made the layout look like a demonstration of dark-blue disks appeals to me greatly.

You did not know what to do with yourself or your money? My son, the he confidence department of our insurance company.

I had ten whole dollars I had held out from your sainted mother. It was nine to lend, spend or give. I couldn't get my hand open to give it away, no one approached me with a touch, so I thought I'd spend it. I looked into a gilded cale—but I didn't want to drink. I looked into a tobacconist's window at the "Special Attention Paid to Box Trade" sign—but I didn't feel like smoking. I alked past a big regiaurant-but I wasn't hungry. A cabman proffered to show me the sights, but I couldn't see it. And then I realized that it is better to want things and not have the money to pay for them than to have the money to pay for them and not want them.

As I said before, it jan't the gains, it's the game. When we were hypnotizing Handricks and publishing mathematical marvels as to surpluses and handing a few hundred thousand a week to each other, just to show we weren't small in such things, it wasn't the money we cared so much about, it was the effort to see how much we could take out before the policy-holders got tired of putting. We certainly hit those alleged surpluses a few fell blows, my boy, and, alas! it looks like the jig's up, because the policy-holders are tired of paying the piper. And, now, perhaps, it will occur to you why Lou Payn raised such a row

when Roosevelt wouldn't appoint him Superintendent of Insurance. Lou knew. He'd been there before.

Write soon, even if it is only to ask for more money,

The Girl from Kansas By Alice Robe.



cleaning out our dressers we were.

CONTINUING TO SO THE STATE OF T

MENTAL SPONGES AND PUMPS.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

my stay in this city, but I remind you we should be like the pump, which

with "temperament" for first place.

not only sucks up but gives out .- John D. Rockefeller,

"This I have read in a book,' he said, 'and that was told to me;

And she will make a new and charming acquaintance-herself.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Ethel (aged five)—Yes, but he'll get bigger. We're getting him on the instalment plan.

le-Grandma got a bill for her teeth last work, is that why papa colls

Margie, aged four, caught her small brother in the puntry. "Oh, Tommy,

exclaimed, "I'm going to tell mamma." Better not tell her till I give you a pives of this nake," rejoined Townsy,

Willis-Mamma, why don't chickens have toeth? Mamma-They don't need them, dear; they have bills irstead

Little Halon-Pape, did you ever see an artificial whale? Papa-Of course not, darling. There are no artificial whales Little Helen-That's funny. Where do they get artificial wh

oughts of the ages and give them out in new guise.

ES, Aunt Minty | extravagant that week because there only here had been a delegation from home, and three days, but Dalsy and I wanted them to go back she came near and spread the report of what lovely

coffers," said the "No, I don't refer to these things Ght from Kansas. much at home. I'm busy dodging accu-"It doesn't do sations of rural propensities myself.

You see, I thought we had left all broken into the those bureco games of the domestic ways of a great city if you're going hearth up in darkest Harken. You know to be victimized through the verdant we live in a real studio now. Yes, it's are dulty of your estimable and respectively four flights up, and it's right in the abla family connections. thought I had trained Aunt grovery boy came with our light house-Aftery pretty well in avoiding the keeping stuff—you know that game—diaguised gold brick in all its forms; presterday, he looked so forlorn I that count on the perenntal bloom of wanted to give him a tip, but I didn't sufficiently never wearing off your venhave any change. Of course, he votunwe got Aunt Mint out of our Harlem fat before she had given away quite everything; but the losing of our laundry was a sad affair. Daisy and I were eway one afternoon when the dumb master whisele sent forth an agonizing, plercing wall which drew 'Auntie dear' to the scene of action.

"When a voice from the depths demanded the laundry she piled up everything; we owned and sent it down into the depths. No, we never heard from the depths. No, we never heard from our laundry again, and we had been so teered to get it, so I let him take a two-dollar bill. You see he was our grocer's boy. By the time he had gotten down to the bottom of the mast guess it was the greasy delivery basket sitting on our best rug that made me feel annoyed. I don't know what made me look out of the window, but there he was breaking his neck to get around the corner. Come back? Well, he went to ioin Aunt Mint's laundryman. I guess. No, my grocery man wouldn't make good; it happened to be a strange boy he'd hired for the day. As for me. I'm still waiting for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. Say, you can't trust only time you don't seem to begring for the change. ed Riends from the grovinces. | teered to get it, so I let him take a







The Halo Builder: His Song.

By Albert Payson Terhune. McAdoo, in a Y. M. C. A. speech, defended the police and scored the

HE Con.missioner swooped on the Y. M. C. fold, And the words that he scattered were 18 K. gold. And a man who could scarce tell a lie if he tried

Understood McAdoo to say this on the elde: "Oh, children, we live in a sin-ridden city! I look on its crimes with abhorrence and pity; But one happy knowledge still brightens my sadness-My police haven't got an idea of its badness.

And I've taught them of sin and of orime to beware For years I have filled them with holiest preachings, and at last they show forth the results of my teachings.

That they turn their backs bravely on hold-up and fight; And their morals are now so exceedingly nice That they can't even recognize places of vice.

"Unsuspecting, past pool-rooms and gig-shops they stride, Without an idea of what goes on inside; If a murder's committed their horror grows greater, And they can't bear to meet its depraved perpetrator.

"Yes, Gotham's a sinful old city, I fear" (Here McAdoo paused to unlimber a tear), "But it CAN'T go to smash while through the darkness still shine The haloes of these sainted bluecoats of mine!"

Too Much Plough.



Willie-Ain't yer working on der farm Van Winkle" came back to New York. fastness. To him, at least, the play On the stage the familiar story of the held all its ancient wonder and charm.



"Rip Van Winkle." An air of mute expectancy and anx-through the scene where he meets the lows friendliness hovered over Wal-lack's Theore last night when "Rip playing at mac-pins in their Carstill

Jerry—No; I t'ought I would only have ter plough in summer, but gee wiz; when I found yer have to plough through der snow I seed me finish and I quit.

On the stage the familiar story of the young Rip Van Winkle, who grows old and gray and feeble seemingly overnight, was to be ra-enacted. But among the actors the tale was reversed. For an old man was to become a young one, and Thomas Jefferson's perfermence languaged. Thomas Jefferson's 'Rip' was like the rinsings of a glass of the ture old "schnapps" in which he drank your an old man was to become a young one, and Thomas Jefferson was to tempt you "might live tong and prosper." It had exactly the same flavor, but diluted. He gave an easy and graceful

Fishe in the role his famous father had immortalized.

Many who had been friends of the elder Jefferson were present, anxious to greet his son, and the theatre held so many actors and acrosses as to seem like a professional matine. There was also present a little boy of about eleven whom a big brother was treating just in front of me, and if that little boy could write Thomas Jefferson's press can be provided timeself with poor scenery that the public would pay to see him alone. His son has supplied for the mountain scenery could write the public would pay to see him alone. For the little fellow laughed over the could be provided timeself with provided timeself with provided timeself with provided timesel

MAY MANGON' J DAILY FASHIONS.

While its accepted form is far from attractive, but there ore many other macharm found in the Orytental crepes

The quantity of material r eq u I red for the medium size is 7 3-4 yards 27 or 32 or 5 1-4 yacds 44 inches wide, with 1 7-8 yards of contristing material, or 6 1-1 yards of ribbon for the bands for the full length; 4 yards 27, 8 1-2

variety of washable

Long or Short Kimono-Pattern No. 5174.

yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide for shorter length. Pattern No. 5174 is out in sizes for a 84, 26, 38, 40 and 42 inch

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY M TON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third street, How to York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each par IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plate ways specify size wanted. Obtain

deartand Home Dage for Wor

Hair Restorer.

I feel like a sponge because I have absorbed so many blessings during 1 ounce; extract of rosemary, 4 drams; extract of thyme, 4 drams; rectified spirits, 1 ounce; elder flower water, 8 MONG the words of our language that have latterly been done to death "personality" runs neck and neck

BEAUTY HINTS

Suspicious.

oil, 1 1-4 ounces; sulphur precipitake, 1 1-4 ounces; oxide of zino, 8 a loss to carry it out. Women would grope about, trying everywhere to find themselves, but the mental mosaics that opad masqueraded as their personalities would be suddenly resolved into little pieces of Bernard Shaw, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli and Lillian Russell. They would like Mr.

Rockefeller, feel like a sponse and when the mental carries of the control of th

ounces; ottar of roses, 2 drops.

And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy."

We are all very much like the author of this sentiment, Tomlinson, Mr. Kipling's subtlest hero, and we all come under the Rockefeller characterization. Authors are like the pumps Mr. Rockefeller speaks of. They suck up the

dream: Orange flower water. 4 ounces; almond oil, 4 ounces; spenmaceti, 1 ounce; white wax, 1 ounce

Folding Proverb Puzzle.



BETTY' J BALM FOR LOVER J.

All perplexed young people can obtain expert advice on their tangled love affairs by writing Betty. Letters for her should be addressed to BETTY, Post-Office box 1,854, New York.

A Social Complication.

You might have two or three friends in and ask him to call some special

Dear Betty:

WEEK ago last Tuesday my cousin had a little trouble and he went away from home, saving to his brother that we might never see him again, so I worried over him every day and zight, as we have not found out where he is yet. If I should wear from him or hear where he is would it be right for me to write or to see him, as I am his cousin, a young nirt of sixteen, and he is ten years older than 1?

B. E. M.

It would be persectly proper for you to write to him, but you had better not go to see him. If he wants to see how to see him. If he wants to see how to see him to think and you he should see you in your home, or you he should see you in your home, or I am not allowed to keep company.

I am not allowed to keep company.

PAULINE.

He Has Ceased Calling.

BOUT a year ago I met a young A man who wanted to so with ma. I kept company with him and he seemed to think a wreat dest of me, but somehow I could not like him at first. At Claistmas he gave me a handsome bracelet and ring, baside a box of chocolate candy. After while I wrew to think a great deal of him. And tust as I began to love him fat least I am not sure that I do, but I like him better than any one else a great deal), why he stopped coming. He said he was not mad, but would not tell me why he did not some, and I did not use him much,



He Doesn't Propose.



I would not believe probably wish to tease y Whether riage depends on his of There is no reason why ye should not talk the matter over wit How to Win His L



is to be as nice and sweet and pretty as you know how to be and to let him know how great you think he is without making him understand that

NIXOLATELEY MITH

the eggs beaten stiff. Have ready six

pints green peppers, 2 pints small green eucumbers, mix, pack in a jar or cans, cover with cold vinegar; add a 10-cent box of mixed spices or some ripe red peppers, 4 ounces of mustard seed and the same of choves and allspice. Horse-ranish root and celery seed; also whole onlons to flavor, if liked.

Oryiental crepes and the like cashmere, henriotta and fine flannel all are in use, as well as a onlons to flavor, if liked.

What Word Is This?



Pepper Relish. CHOP 6 pints new cabbage, sprinkle with 1-2 cup sait, next day drain and press dry. Seed and chop propriate. While there is a certain pints green peppers, 2 pints small green



I AM 2. young girl eighteen years of age and am in love with a young man nincteen years old. I want him to call at my house; but it is inconvenient for me to see him as he to seek it yourself. Possibly he mejerly became discouraged by your lack of inconvenient. Wery nice.

The eggs beaten stiff. Have ready six peaches pared and stoned, butter well as many cups in the bottom, put a little of the mixture, add a peach and the young man's coolness than for you cover with more of the butter. Bake or steam until done. Serve with whipped quite so pophouse?

R. R.

Bordeaux Sauce.

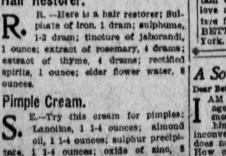
One peck of tomatoes green, two being a replica of the one worn by our Dear Betty:

All twenty-two years old and have been in love with a fellow for five years. He told me he loved me and could love no one else. I belong to a club of young girls, and every time I go there they tell me my lover has been out with one of them. I have asked him about it and he says he Gidn't take any one out. What shall I do? And don't you think it is time he should propose marriage. I would marry him to-morrow if he wanted me to.

M. H.

Quarts of cnions, one medium head of cabbage, two or three large peppers, half red. Chop all together quite fine; two quarts of best cider vinegar, one pound of sugar, half ounce each or cloves, alispice, ofnnamon, black pepper, celery and mustard seeds, small cup of salt, tablespoonful of tumeric powder. Mix all well together, and let took slowly for three or four hours. I tike this the best of any of my pickle recipes. This makes abou eight quart colored China silk, and is expectingly powder. Mix all well together, and let it cook slowly for three or four hours. I like this the best of any of my pickle recipes. This makes about eight quart jars full. Need not seal it. Will keep as long as you let it.





And yet, though it is on every one's lips, one finds little If it were possible for a general order to be sent thunder- S. Lanoline, 1 1-4 ounces; almond ng through the universe, saying to each and every human atom in it "Be yourself!" the majority of people would be at

Marie Corelli and Lillan Russell. They would have the sponge was Rocketeller, feel like a sponge, and when the sponge was a sponge is excellent: Powdered chalk, squeezed dry of the ideas it had absorbed there would be a connect, florentine order, 2

GRADUATE To clear the complex-lon and cure pimples and black-heads be careful of your diet. Dear Betty: lon and cure pimples and black. Her Cousin Went Away. shoughts of the ages and give them out in new guise.

And a great many people, mainly women, place their minds—just so many intellectual sponges—under the pumps of Shaw. Caine, Corelli or Laura Jean Libbey according to the brand of thought they prefer.

Of course this refers to women who read. For those who don't a dictatorial state or a pompous husband constitutes the pump of supreme wisdom.

Now it would be a great deal better for these women, all women who sit at the feet of an oracle or a pump—author or husband as he happens to be—if they would undertake to find their own minds and use them occasionally, ceasing to be mental sponges and becoming, according to the Rockefeller methods, pumps.

Let each one undertake to discoper not what George thinks, not what Bernard Shaw says, not what that clever Mrs. Dashaway read in her paper at the last club meeting, but what she herself believes.

And she will make a new and charming acquaintance—herself.

